

THE ARIZONA SILVER BELT.

VOL. VI.

GLOBE, ARIZONA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1883.

NO. 22.

THE ARIZONA SILVER BELT.

THE ARIZONA SILVER BELT is issued Saturday mornings, at Globe, Gila County, Arizona.
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Joe Tuttle's Confession.

We are indebted to the Florence Enterprise for the following confession of Joe Tuttle, one of the principals engaged in the robbery of the stage, and the murder of John Collins, Wells, Fargo & Co.'s messenger on the Globe and Florence road, August 17th, near Riverside:

THE CONFESSION.

I came down to Len Redfield's about the 1st day of August from Joe Kelsey's place where I had been stopping to hold the ranch for him. When I got to Redfield's Charley Hensley was there and he told Redfield our business,—told him we were going down the Gila to take in the stage and rob it. When we got ready to start we had an old hatchet and Redfield said he was afraid of that hatchet, as the eye was broken. He then said, "You had better take my hatchet and after you get through with it throw it as far as you can. It is new, and has never been used before." When we started Redfield also said: "Take good care of your horses, as they are your main dependence." It was understood that we were to do the work on the Globe stage near the Gila river. We came on down to Florence and picked our horses in the stubble field between Remy's and Holland's ranches, and staid there two days. Finally we got out of provisions and Jack Almer said he would go into Florence and sell his horse and come out on the stage. He came into town, sold his horse and then came out to us, and gave Charley Hensley \$10. That night Charley Hensley came into Florence and bought some bread, tea, some bacon, a bottle of whiskey, and a gray woolen shirt, at Smith & Murray's store. We then went out to the big wash, two or three miles this side of Evans' station. We were to take the stage in at this wash. Jack Almer was to come out on the stage, and as a signal that there was treasure aboard he was to wear a red shirt, with a white handkerchief around his neck, and was to sing a song when he came to the wash. Hensley was watching for him. The stage passed and the hatchet was thrown. I said, "let's not go after him now, he would shoot me. We then got onto our horses, passed the stage at Evans' station and went on across the river, beyond Putnam's, to the place where the robbery occurred, and the stage was robbed and a man was killed. I was behind a bush on the left hand of the road going toward Globe, and Hensley fired seven shots and I must have fired one. Hensley claims he fired seven shots, and there are seven cartridges gone out of his gun. He had a 44 caliber Winchester. Hensley took the rear leader out of the stage team and we got onto our horses, and Charley lead the stage horse. We carried the money. Charley put his in the saddle bags, and I carried mine on the saddle in front of me. Those were my saddle bags left on the ground, and the belt and knife found there belong to Jack Almer, and the hatchet to Len Redfield,—we neglected to throw it away. The saddle left at Evans' station by Jack belongs to me. Jack had a \$50 saddle when he came down here, but he said you take my saddle and I will take yours, as it is lighter, and bring it up on the stage. He told me to tell Frank Carpenter to bring him a horse. I told Redfield when we got back, but he said Frank was away. Frank came home in a day or so, and I told him. He said he had no horse, but went down the river on horseback and said he was going to Dodson's. The next morning Jack came to Redfield's on Carpenter's horse. I think Frank Carpenter knew where we had been and what we were doing. When Jack came back he said Carpenter had loaned him \$10. I told Carpenter that somebody had got hurt on the stage, but didn't think that I did it. He made no reply. When we got back to Redfield's Hensley did not go to the house, but sent us to tell Redfield that he wanted to see him. Redfield went out and saw Hensley, took some bread to him and told me to cook breakfast while he was away. After breakfast Redfield went out and took Hensley some grub to go out into the hills with him. He asked me how much to take and I told him I didn't know how much he wanted. Before we got to Dodson's, on the way up, we cached the silver in a slough off to the left of the road. The gold had got lost out of my pocket. After caching the money, Hensley changed horses, putting his saddle on the stage horse, and turning his mare loose on the roadside at Dodson's. Hensley had a grey mare running loose at Redfield's and when Redfield went to take the

Children's Answers.

Children often surprise their elders by witty retorts. A bright little girl was once sent to get some eggs, and on her way back stumbled and fell, making sad havoc among the contents of her basket. "Won't you catch it when you get home, though?" exclaimed her companion. "No; indeed I won't," she answered; "I have got a grandmother." "Sophy, if you don't be quiet, I shall have to whip you," said the father of a large family, who always left the disagreeable duty of punishing the unruly to his wife. "Pooh!" contemptuously retorted the little incorrigible headstrong, tossing her curly head, "you ain't the mother." "How old are you, my little one?" asked a gentleman of a youngster of three years, to whom he was being introduced. "I'm not old," replied the little man; "I'm almost new." Boys' retorts are of a ruder character. A woman said to a youngster who had been impudent to her, "Little boy, have you a mother?" "No; but dad wouldn't marry you if there wasn't a housekeeper in the whole blessed land," was the reply. Little Tommy was having his hair combed by his mother, and he grumbled at the operation. "Why, Tommy, you oughtn't to make such a fuss. I don't when my hair is combed." "Yes; but your hair ain't hitched to your head." Equally pertinent was the answer given by a great musical composer to a remark. When a youth, he was clerk to a very rich, but exceedingly commonplace, in fact, stupid employer. One day, an acquaintance commiserated the clever lad on his position, saying, "What a pity it is that you are not the master and he your clerk." "Oh, my friend," returned the youth, do not say that. If I were my clerk, what on earth could I do with him?"

IS MAN DESCENDED FROM BEARS?

Professor Gherke Looking for Fossils to Prove his Theory.

Frederick G. Gherke, Professor of Zoology and Comparative Anatomy at Williams College, has arrived at Denver and been interviewed by a Denver reporter concerning the theory advanced by him in his book, "The True Descent of Man," that man is descended from the bear. Professor Gherke was graduated from the University of Leipzig and afterwards spent several years in England, where his book was published soon after Darwin's death and attracted wide attention.

The object of his visit to Colorado, the Professor said, was to hunt among the fossil districts of the State for specimens that will illustrate his theory and for fossil remains generally for the college museum. "I am not an old man," he said, "and I hope to live long enough to find the connecting link."

Speaking of his theory as opposed to that of the descent from apes, falsely called the Darwinian theory, he said: "An ape has none of the characteristics of the human. An ape imitates—a man reasons. An ape has four hands, neither like man's hand nor man's feet. A man has only two hands and two feet, thoroughly distinct. An ape or a monkey is an idiot. The lower order of men are not idiots. They have capabilities of humans."

"Man is descended from bears," he continued with much emphasis. "Do you ask me if there has been any connecting links found between men and bears? I answer yes, and I can prove it. In a museum at Paris I saw a skeleton of a cave bear. I examined it closely. I was convinced that it had a partially developed knee-pan. Since then I have studied the matter closely. I went over in my mind to a time beyond the history of man. I remembered that skeletons of primeval men had been found in caves with bears. Almost the earliest men we know about lived in caves. Have bones of apes ever been found in caves? No. There is another thing. Nearly all primeval human skeletons found are of gigantic size. The bear is nearer the size of man than the average ape. Of course, the gorilla is an exception, but we find no monster gorilla. The bear could have gotten rid of his little fragment of a tail much more easily than an ape could of his. A tailed man always seemed to me about as absurd as a man with wings."

"My idea is that the earlier bears came down through Behring's Straits and drifted down towards the tropic shores of Asia on icebergs. The icebergs melted and the bears easily found shelter on islands and on the coasts. In the course of the ages great floods came and the bears sought shelter in the caves. In the meantime great changes had been going on. The bear had gradually been shedding its heavy coat as the result of the warm climate. The bear had also learned to walk on its hind legs. In the caves, in the dry, warm atmosphere, other changes took place. The connecting link was a kind of hairy, indescribable man. He often lived and died in these caves beside his elder brother, the bear."

Somerville takes the first prize for a tender-hearted man. He is so sensitive that he can't bear to see or hear his wife saw wood, and when she tackles the bucksaw in the cellar he gets on his feet and walks out of the house.

Only a Mechanic.

"Boys," says an exchange, "do not sneer at the hard-working mechanic; for beneath that dust-soiled jacket may lurk the spirit of true nobility." The exchange is eminently correct. It is, indeed, wrong to pass through this world sneering at mechanics. A good, average, able-bodied mechanic is a bad man to sneer at. At almost any unexpected moment he is quite liable to transfer some of the dust off his jacket to the broadcloth coat of the sneerer, and jolt him severely if he sneers too hard at the mechanic. If a boy or young man is contemplating sneering at a mechanic, it would be quite as well not let the hard-working mechanic catch him at it. When the boy wants to sneer real badly, and feels that he can't hold in any longer, it would be far better, instead of plunging right into the midst of hard-working mechanics, to seek some secluded locality and have his sneers out all by himself. It would look a great deal better, and the boy would look better when he went home to the bosom of his family.

No, boys, it is neither polite, genteel, nor wise to sneer at a mechanic. Neither is it healthy. The habitual sneerer at mechanics is sometimes cut off in the flower of his youth. Life is too short to indulge in such perilous recreations. The sneerer is too often found in a pensive mood abstractly engaged in applying pieces of raw beefsteak to his eyes, trying to reduce the swollen nose with generous decoctions of arnica, feeling his lame back, or picking the gold filling out of the teeth which he happened to casually cough up soon after indulging in his playful little sneer at the hard-working mechanic. This is a parlor etiquette which the youth will not be liable to forget in a month or six weeks. The next time he feels called upon to sneer it may be at a cow with a board over her face, or a poor blind girl, but it will not be at a mechanic. Politeness pays in the long run, and the lesson can never come home to a young man with greater force or earnestness than when he takes occasion to contemptuously sneer at a hard-working mechanic, and the mechanic happens, at the time, to be looking that way.—Texas Siftings.

Husbands and Wives.

Last Sunday the suggestion was made from a New York pulpit that there was room for a new society, which should teach husband and wife their duties to each other. Such an organization would be useful only in the event of branch societies, consisting of two members each, being formed in families consisting solely or principally of married couples. The first article of the constitution should be that any person applying for membership should solemnly covenant and agree that throughout married life he or she would carefully observe and practice all courtesy, thoughtfulness and unselfishness peculiar to what is known as the "engagement" period; the second article should be that neither member of a conjugal partnership should listen to a single word of criticism of the other member from any relative whatever, even should the words of wisdom drop from the lips of father, mother, brother or sister. The rules of the society need not extend beyond these two, for there would be nothing in the conduct of members in good standing to require special attention.—N. Y. Herald.

The young ladies of Bordentown, N. J., have discarded the much-ridiculed poodle as a pet and have adopted instead the turtle. Recently in that city a "turtle reception" was given at the residence of one of the belles of the place, and the visitors brought with them turtles of all sizes and descriptions. Venuis, the turtle belonging to one young lady, was taken to the place of meeting in a bag of white silk profusely ornamented with gold embroidery. Another of the pets was a tired in white plush and lace, and the train was looped with daisies. The affair was managed by the Misses Fossey and Hattie Scovel, and was the first of a series of receptions of the same kind. The gallants of Bordentown have been kept busy of late catching turtles for their sweethearts.

An old operator thus tells how cable messages are received: "I don't suppose you know how the messages are received over the cables? No. Well, it is altogether different from this tick, tick, tick. The operators there sit in dark rooms. The messages come as little electric sparks; the letters are known by the length of the flash. These men go blind at the end of 15 years; and are pensioned in England but nothing is done for them here. They are not even paid any better than we are."

"Uncle Abe, ain't yer gwine ter de funeral?" asked a colored woman of an old man who stood on the street as the funeral procession passed. "No, chile, I ain't got time. Yer see I owed de gen'tleman several dollars, an' if I was ter go out dar, when da open de coffin at de grave—an' dat's what da's gwinter ter do—I'd forgit myself an say: 'Pay yer dar money in a day or two, sah.' [Arkansas Traveller.]

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